

# The Loyal Health :

Occasion'd by His Majesties most Happy  
 Deliverance from the late Horrid Pha-  
 natical Conspiracy, by the Fire at New-  
 market.



**Y**E Monarchy haters,  
 And VWhiggs of that Leven,  
 VVith Associators,  
 See the care of kind Heaven:  
 Great CHARLES still obtaineth,  
 VVhose will ne're was bounded,  
 His Pleasure, and Reigneth,  
 VVhile you are Confounded.

In

# The Loyall Song

In Old time by Fire,  
 Kind Heaven directed,  
 And to their desire,  
 His Chosen Protected,  
 So CHARLES was defended,  
 As Heaven appointed,  
 And Angels descended  
 To save its Anointed.

For which to kind Heaven in Praises let's sing,  
 That saved our Liberties, Lives, and our King,  
 And brought those Villains to Justice, who wou'd  
 Have Glory'd in Treason, and Revell'd in Blood.  
 Then let every one stand  
 With a Glasse in each hand,  
 So to Charles and to Mary let it freely go round,  
 Praying Joy in full measure  
 May wait on their Pleasure,  
 While Heaven and Earth with our wishes resound.

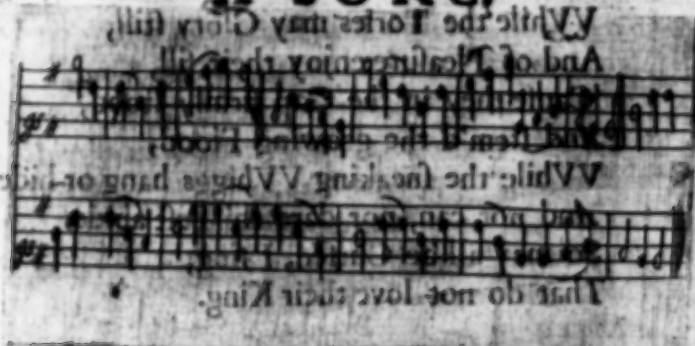
**Loyalty**

## LOYALTY

## TRIUMPHANT:

## Phanaticism Display'd.

## A SONG.



**J**OY to th' bonny bold *Britains* did merrily sing;  
 In *Oats* his Reign,  
 And stood up for their Senses, their Liberties, Lives,  
 (and their King,  
 Who in Bumpers wou'd boldly assert *Charles's* Right,  
 And still maintain,  
 That 'tis just the true Heir shou'd Inherit, for whom  
 (they wou'd Fight.  
 While the Villanous Whiggs wou'd be  
 Bawling 'gainst Plotting and Popery,  
 Bouncing for *Oats* and a Parli'ment,  
 When see what 'twas they meant,

To

To kill the King, and to undo his  
With True Protestant Blunderbuss,  
Cause the Votes of their Commons House  
Proy'd not all worth a Louse.

But kind Heaven that waited on Charles from the  
Assisted now, (Womb,  
And broke their damnd Plot, and Rewarded them  
Now they find that to murder King is in  
(vain,

And all must bow,  
And submit to the Fate, with the mark of Curst  
Murdering Gain,  
VWhile the Tories may Glory still,  
And of Pleasure enjoy their fill,  
Cause them in the Gap firmly stand,  
And from the growing Flood,  
VWhile the sneaking VWhiggs hang or hide,  
And not can, nor dare th' Test abide,  
So may all be Cursed, I sing,  
That do not love their King.

To Y to th' donny bold Britain's  
By the Author of *Ferocious Remonstrance*.

And stood up for their Liberty, Lives,  
(and their King,  
Who in Bumpers wou'd boldly assert Charles's Right,  
And still maintain

Printed for Charles Corbet, at the Oxford Arms  
in Warwick-Lane. 1684.

WWhile the Villanous Whiggs wou'd be  
Bawling, raising Plotting and Popery,  
Bouncing for Ours and a Parli'ment,  
When see what 'twas they meant

To